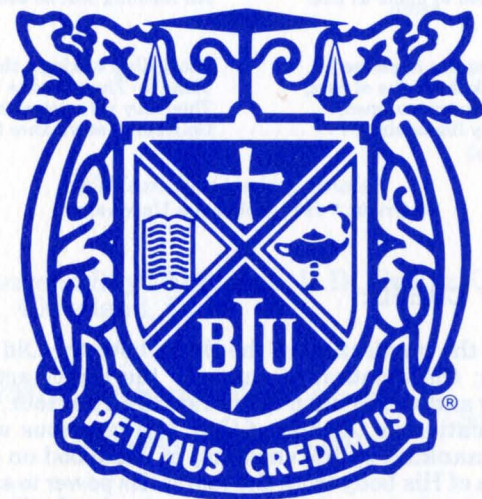


BOB JONES *University*

FIFTY-FIRST COMMENCEMENT

Baccalaureate Service



Founder's Memorial Amphitorium

May 28, 1978

PRELUDE: Fantasia and Fugue in G Minor . . . *Johann Sebastian Bach*
David Friberg, Organist

FANFARE

PROCESSIONAL HYMN: Bob Jones University Hymn *Bob Jones*
(The congregation will stand)

1
Wisdom of God, we would by Thee be taught;
Control our minds, direct our ev'ry thought,
Knowledge alone life's problems cannot meet;
We learn to live while sitting at Thy feet.

2
Light of the world, illumine us we pray,
Our souls are dark, without Thy kindling ray;
Torches unlighted, of all radiance bare,
Touch them to flame, and burn in glory there!

3
Incarnate Truth, help us Thy truth to learn,
Prone to embrace the falsehood we would spurn;
Groping in error's maze for verity,
Thou art the Truth we need to make us free.

4
Giver of life, we would not live to please
Self or the world, nor seek the paths of ease;
Dying Thou bringest life to sons of men;
So may we dying live Thy life again.

5
Captain of Might, we yield to Thy command,
Armored by faith, Thy Word our sword in hand;
Fierce though the battle, Thine the victory,
Bravely we'll strive and more than conq'rors be.

6
Eternal Lord, let heavens pass away,
Earth be removed, no fear our hearts shall sway;
Empires may crumble, dust return to dust;
Secure are they, who in their Saviour trust.

7
Unfailing love, we are so cold in heart,
To us Thy passion for the lost impart;
Give us Thy vision of the need of men.
All learning will be used in service then.

8
Great King of kings, this campus all is Thine.
Make by Thy presence of this place a shrine;
Thee may we meet within the classroom walls,
Go forth to serve Thee from these hallowed halls.
Amen.

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THE UNIVERSITY CREED:

I believe in the inspiration of the Bible, both the Old and the New Testaments; the creation of man by the direct act of God; the incarnation and virgin birth of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; His identification as the Son of God; His vicarious atonement for the sins of mankind by the shedding of His blood on the cross; the resurrection of His body from the tomb; His power to save men from sin; the new birth through the regeneration by the Holy Spirit; and the gift of eternal life by the grace of God.

GLORIA PATRI:

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end.
Amen

INVOCATION: Dr. Marvin Lewis, Director of Religious Activities

ANTHEM: Come, Christians, Join to Sing *Carlton Young*
University Church Choir
William McCauley, Director

OFFERTORY: Hyfrydol *Frederick Candlyn*

THE SCRIPTURE LESSON: Dr. Bob Jones, Chancellor

HYMN: My Jesus, As Thou Wilt *Benjamin Schmolck*
trans. Jane Borthwick

1

My Jesus, as Thou wilt: O may Thy will be mine!
Into Thy hand of love I would my all resign.
Through sorrow or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

2

My Jesus, as Thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many'a tear,
Let not my star of hope Grow dim or disappear.
Since Thou on earth hast wept And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

3

My Jesus, as Thou wilt: All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene I gladly trust with Thee.
Straight to my home above I travel calmly on,
And sing in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Amen.

SOLO: My Song *Joan Pinkston*
text by Bob Jones
William McCauley, soloist

SERMON: The Reverend Roy Thompson, D.D., Pastor, Cleveland Baptist Church, Cleveland, Ohio

RECESSIONAL HYMN: The Sands of Time *Anne Cousin*
Samuel Rutherford
(The congregation will stand)

1

The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land!

2

The King there in His beauty,
Without a veil, is seen;
"It were a well-spent journey,
though seven deaths lay between!"
The Lamb, with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand;
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land!

3

O Christ! He is the fountain,
The deep swell well of love,
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There is an ocean's fulness
His mercy doth expand;
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's Land!

4

I have borne scorn and hatred,
I have borne wrong and shame,
Earth's proud ones have reproached me
For Christ's thrice blessed name.
Where God's seals set the fairest,
They've stamped their foulest brand;
But judgment shines like noonday
In Immanuel's Land!

With mercy and with judgment
 My web of time He wove;
 And aye the dews of sorrow
 Were lustered with His love.
 I'll bless the hand that guided,
 I'll bless the heart that planned,
 When throned where glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's Land!

Oh, I am my Beloved's
 And my Beloved's mine!
 He brings a poor vile sinner
 Into His "house of wine."
 I stand upon His merit,
 I know no other stand,
 Not e'en where glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's Land!

The bride eyes not her garments,
 But her dear Bridegroom's face;
 I will not gaze at glory,
 But at my King of grace!
 Not at the crown He giveth,
 But on His pierced hand;
 The Lamb is all the glory
 Of Immanuel's Land!

Amen.

BENEDICTION: Dr. Richard Rupp, Director of Ministerial Training
 and Extension

POSTLUDE: Praise the Lord with the Drums and Cymbals

..... *Sigfrid Karg-Elert*